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Providence, July 19, 1870.

My dear Wendell:

I take it for granted that you, and Lucy, and the children are at Watch Hill, enjoying yourselves as much as the sultry state of the weather renders possible in such a locality; for though you may derive occasional relief from the sea breeze, yet I am told there are no trees, under the shade of which to find repose.

I came here on Friday with your mother, (who experienced no fatigue from the journey,) Fanny and her children, and Anne; and from the hour of our arrival till now the heat has been intolerable, and without mitigation day or night; just as it was all the time Mrs. McKim and Lloyd were with us at Rockledge. I cannot remember so many days with the mercury ranging above 90 in the shade at any previous summer.

Harry has engaged rooms at Jefferson, N. H. for himself and Fanny, and the children and Anne. He expects to reach Rockledge to-morrow; and they will all probably go to the mountains by Saturday. Fanny returns home this afternoon with Helen, Harold, and Anne, leaving your mother and me to follow her probably on Saturday afternoon. Can't you join us here? Henry and Charlotte wish very much to see you. In case you can come, say on Thursday, I should like to go with you to Newport on Friday. Then, if you can, we should like to have you accompany us to Rockledge. If you cannot as soon as Saturday, do not fail to give us a portion of your time at your earliest convenience; for I want to make several recreative excursions with you before you return home, provided you have not some other programme made out for yourself.

On Saturday I had a delightful sail to Newport; and to-day have had an equally pleasant one almost to Rocky Point. The relief on the water from the extreme heat was very great, a refreshing breeze having been encountered in both instances.

Fanny thinks it not improbable that the pending conflict between France and Prussia may induce Harry to go very speedily to Munich, on account of his aunt and sister; but she has not heard anything from him on the subject, and therefore only indulges in conjecture.

Nothing can be more frivolous than the reasons given by Napoleon for declaring war against Prussia. His guilt is enormous; and the hot moral rebuke of Christendom should be administered to him.

Come, or send me a line.

Your loving Father.

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